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Philosophical
poems

The Living
Statues of
the Absurd

Sorin
Cerin

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2018

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where

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not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin,

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undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppcase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppcase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

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It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

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On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the

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instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist
poet of the 21st Century**

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To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

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Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from

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the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some

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daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

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The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

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born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free

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course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

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It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

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Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

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The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

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to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

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audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of

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creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

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has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, then incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

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Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

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to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. The Balance of Trust

The devastated wings of the Words,
tremble under the black asphalt of Forgetfulness,
collapsed, on the terraces of the Glances,
where the Thoughts drink their morning coffee,
losing themselves, dispirited,
on, the roads without return,
of the Eternities of Moments,
which drain into the torrents of Questions,
which they will never receive Answers,
on the lead trays,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
what, they hang their weight of the Meanings,
crushing the Balance of Trust,
in its own Self,
of the Hopes,
what have become, of the Nobody.

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2. Which have imprisoned our Souls

The Walls of the Vestments of the Indifference,
are dressed by the Eyes of Heaven,
increasingly many,
deserted and deaf,
which, they are heading,
their lost Glances,
at the dice of the Time,
toward Nowhere,
shouting mute toward the monasteries of Words,
which they would like them alongside,
by the Original Sins,
of a God,
who is not and has never been ours,
but only of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which have imprisoned our Souls,
in the prisons of the Bodies.

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3. Death dies once with Being

Death dies once with Being,
received as a gift,
from, the Illusions of Non-Senses of the Existence,
to handcuff us, the Dreams of Immortality,
from which we come from,
with the coldness and cruelty,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
what they broke us the wings of the astral Destiny,
throwing us into the Mud of the Incarnation,
of which whenever,
we try to get up,
we are hit with the thunders and lightning,
of the Vanity and Absurd,
of a World of the Original Sins,
what they allow us only the Dreams,
which, they can not help us,
at escape from ourselves,
and forces us to believe,
that once with Death,
dies and our Being.

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4. The Will of the Primordial Event

I never understood,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
why they threw us,
only, remnants of rotten Words,
which to they feed us the poverty of the Souls,
crushed terribly,
in, the palms calloused by Sufferings,
of the Destinies,
on which we stretch them humble,
towards the Endlessness of the Windows of Heaven,
from where we come from,
being disgusted by this World of Horrors,
of Non-Senses of the Existence,
of which we can not escape,
than by stripping the cloak of the Being of Dust,
in which we live,
for to we replace her,
with the Being of Light,
from which we were kidnapped,
with the Will of the Primordial Event,
of the Breaking of the Everything
which is the True God.

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5. At our necks of singing swans

Man is a Being of the Forgetfulness,
crucified on the Heart of Embers of the Love,
from which the Illusions of Life and Death,
they make us, talismans, of Sufferings,
on which to we wear them,
at, our necks of singing swans,
every time,
when we enter in the Cathedrals of the Original Sins,
for to worship us,
to the Non-Senses of the Existence,
whose wildness and cruelty we breathe it,
on the deserted streets of Dreams,
dressed as warmly as possible with Vanity,
for to they not cool,
on the cold,
of on the dry lips of the Words,
of the Nobody.

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6. Are always overlooked

Life is first of all,
a string of delightful delusions,
who struggled through the deserts of Consciousness,
they to pull out the dirty Water of the Pain,
from the Fountain of the Regrets,
which, they are poured to us,
in the cups of nowhere of the Wretchedness,
of the Original Sins,
which, they serve us the portion of Freedom,
only after the taste and desires,
of the Non-senses of the Existence,
whose criminal orgies,
are always overlooked.

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7. In a grave silence

When they arrive,
the Birds of the traveling Dreams,
begins to snow with the broken wings of the Pains,
what, they cover the blind Horizons of the Hopes,
on which they want to sit down,
The Empty Days,
besieged by large and black ravens,
of the funeral corteges by Moments,
what, follows in a grave silence,
the mute and hopeless cries,
of the Loneliness,
which, they clothe us,
the bloody veins of the Sunrises of the Nobody,
washed by the defective genes of the Ancestors,
of the Original Sins,
which, they will slice us the Heaven of every Word,
in crumbs of Meanings,
which they to serve them, with stinginess,
to the Illusions of Life and Death.

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**8. The Death what dies once with the Being of the
Pain from us**

Lead of Darkness,
it sits, hard and threatening,
over, the Blindness of the Dreams,
whose wings fall deaf,
over the dark circles of the deep Chasms,
of the Eyes of Heaven,
over which they close,
the lost Eyelids toward nowhere,
of the Feelings,
banished by the Cemeteries of Words,
of the Happenings, Non-Incidentally,
of some empty Days,
which, they display their delights of the Passions,
in the lascivious Glances of Pleasures,
who deceive us,
showing only their painted faces,
in the vivid colors of the Happiness of Original Sins,
on whose Realms we gave birth to,
the Death,
what dies once with the Being,
of the Pain from us.

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9. The Absurd and Vanity of the bloody Dawn

Fences from Horizons,
what they can not be achieved,
by, the bodies conceived from the Original Sins,
born by the Illusions of Life and Death,
for to intensify us with them,
the Fire of the Pain,
to which we must burn,
the entire Existence of the Non-Senses,
what they nourish the Absurd and Vanity,
of the bloody Dawn,
of the diseased Genes,
fallen from the Humility of the Ancestors,
what have been dispossessed,
by their own Self,
to be able to be thrown,
in the deep and cold Chasms,
of the Forgetfulness,
what sat down,
on the wrinkled forehead of the Absolute Truth,
of the Stranger, Subconscious
of the Love.

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10. Subjected to the most terrible tortures

It started to snow,
with the Petals of Dawns,
shattered by the Winds of the Despair,
which blows toward the Dark Horizons,
of the Loneliness,
from which we are obligated,
to build us,
Cathedrals, of, Humiliations,
in whose knees, to prostrate us,
before the Original Sins,
full of criminal resentments,
on everything that can mean,
Human Condition,
what must necessarily,
subjected to the most terrible tortures,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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11. When we look at the bitter show

Abandoned by ourselves,
we run among the Sacrifices of the Zodiac Signs,
of a Realm of the Nightmares,
which is burdening us,
with the cold off the lips of the chasms,
we are thrown into the hopeless Void of the Days,
without, to we longer touching, ever,
the last drop,
of, Illusion of the Life and Death,
what seems that it no longer finishes,
when we look at,
the bitter show,
of the Lying Masks of Happiness,
on which we were forced to wear them,
by the Non-Senses of an Existence,
of the Nobody.

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12. Which falsely claims, that, is the essence of it

Each of us,
we are born,
to play in a show of the Shadows,
which build Paradise of Inferno,
to this Humility,
of the Incarnation,
in, the Mire of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
on which we are forced, to we polish it,
with the Sufferings,
received in gift,
from the Falling Stars,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
which have dressed us,
in the Destinies orphan by ourselves,
those whose Star,
was the Immortality of a Love,
what was stolen from us,
precisely by the Creator of Mistakes,
and of the Original Sins,
which claims falsely,
that, is the essence of it.

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13. Living Statues

Frozen Thoughts,
through the desolate Traces,
of some Mistakes of Creation,
are played at the dice of the Pain,
by the criminal Time,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
without which,
these could not, display,
the Non-Senses of own Existences,
from which they carved us,
the Incarnations, in the Dust of Suffering,
for to become,
Living Statues,
on the dusty shoulders,
by, the falling stars,
of the Vanities and Absurd,
of the Nightmares,
lost in the Sunrises,
of the Loneliness.

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14. The Absurd Theater

Dark circles, deep and strange,
they guard the Living Statues,
of the Sufferings,
what are they bound to play,
the roles of Destinies,
on the scenes with the planks of the rotted Dreams,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
where the Gong, of beginning and ending,
of the pieces rusted by the Absurd Theater,
where each time,
the Death dies once with the Being,
is given by the mute Cries of the Pains,
from the halls of birth,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
what will they have a route,
where the Empty Days,
they will spread the thorns of the vain Hopes,
under the Steps of clay of the Incarnations,
in the Being thirsty by the Horizons of Love,
which, they will be poured,
in the mugs of nowhere,
of the clenched Smiles,
among the Tombs of Words of wax,
which always melt,
under the eaves of the Tears of unfulfilled Dreams.

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15. The Living Statues of the Absurd

Every time,
when we open the drawers of the Horror,
from the dark rooms,
of the Genes of our Ancestors,
in Sufferings,
hidden among the bloody Sunsets,
on which we hurt them every time,
with the Original Sins of Words,
what they do not want to accept,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
then when they see how we are transformed,
in the slaves of massive Walls, of, Heaven,
on whose Windows of Endlessness,
instead of we receiving the Divine Light of Love,
we are served with a cup of nowhere,
full of killed Moments,
which transforms us,
in the Living Statues of the Absurd,
which cross, every Morning,
the Zebra of the Forgetfulness,
on our way,
toward Death.

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16. The vain Glory

We were born, Living Statues,
to show each time,
the Exact Time of the Sufferings,
on the deserted boulevards of Indifference,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
whose venomous fangs,
they bite deeply,
from the meat of the Eternities of Moments,
for to let them then to die,
in the decomposed arms of Time,
who still makes a sign on the tally,
of the Non-Senses of its Existence,
by sculpting the unkempt face,
of the vain Glory,
what, wants to obtain her,
for to defeat us,
the Stranger, subconscious
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
reaching at, the conclusion,
that Everything is in vain.

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17. I can not make them bandages

I run through the agglomeration,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
whose cold and frozen Glances,
whose cold and dumbfounded Glances,
scrutinizes me,
until I begin to skate, on their ice,
reminding me,
the clanking of the mugs of nowhere,
full of vain Dreams,
on which I sip them,
often lost in Heart of Heaven,
of the subconscious Stranger,
of the Love,
whose Sunrises bloodied,
by the deep wounds of Loneliness,
I can not make them bandages,
however much I would like.

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18. Absolute, absolute and again absolute

When I asked the stars,
Who are we actually?

They showed me,
The Living Statues of the Absurd,
what they changed the positions of the Tears of Heaven,
of the Clouds of the Being,
from the decomposed Words,
whose dreams,
are consumed and now,
by the weight of the Eternities of Moments,
carved from the bitter stone,
of the Loneliness,
in which your face is reflected,
Love.

Then I was no longer able,
to I ask, absolutely nothing,
such as the Absolute Truth,
in an absolute World,
of the Vanity and Absurd,
absolute.

Absolute, absolute and again absolute.

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19. To dress the bodies

The whole Existence of Non-Senses,
of this World,
we struggle to dress the bodies,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
on our Souls,
swinging, in the beating of the Winds of Despair,
wandered through the impracticable streets,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
to we entertain the passers-by,
what they just traverse,
the Time, what, he kills,
the Eternities of the Moments,
which elapsing inert,
on the decomposed Zebras,
of the definitive Passings,
toward Death,
shedding us the cold Blood of the Genes,
arising from, the Pain of the Ancestors,
of the our Original Sins.

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20. Forcing us to live, finally

The transcendental dreams,
they collapse in the chasms,
of a Future of Nobody,
involving in their fall
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
found in our own,
Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
what they take the most bizarre positions,
on, the impracticable streets of the Destinies,
which have tied us,
the Eyes of Sky of the Boundlessness,
for to see,
only inside the mugs of nowhere,
from which we must drink,
the Despair,
who sells us all the Eternities of the Moments,
of some Loves,
forcing us to live,
finally,
only the deaf and consuming Pain,
of the Loneliness, of ourselves.

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21. The Being of the Vanity

Pyres of Freedoms,
heated by the Questions,
eternally alive of the Pain,
from which the Smokes of the Prides rise,
what, they earn their decomposed bread,
of the Compromises,
from the waves of Consumption Societies,
meat of Moments,
how more burned,
for to can be devoured,
by, the Destinies,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
at the wide open gates of Despair,
served by,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
in which we incarnate,
the Being of the Vanity.

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22. The Emptiness of Days of the Nobody

Clouds of Words,
they break the Windows of Heaven,
with the consuming weight of their gravity,
what falls,
snowing chaotically, with Absurd,
over the wrinkled Forehead of the Time,
thrown into the knees of the Original Sins,
for to be ground,
at, the Mill of the Vanity,
by the hysterical arms,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
what they will bring at the Maternities of the Pain,
new Living Statues of the Absurd,
for to be exposed,
in the wax showcases,
of the Destinies,
which melt uninterruptedly,
at the consuming Fire,
kindled by the Emptiness of Days,
of the Nobody.

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23. On under the ruins of the Hopes

Dry branches, of, Compromises,
they hit the Windows of the wax candles,
of the Incarnations,
melting them on the cheeks of Destiny,
whose impracticable streets,
they still make the delight of the Empty Days,
which are prostituted,
at the corners of the grizzled Years,
with any shabby cup of nowhere,
from which we are forced,
to we drink the bitter gall,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on under the ruins of the Hopes,
overwhelmed by the massive Walls,
of the Original Sins,
what they guard us,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
which, we play us, each in part,
the piece of stupid and miserable theater,
whose Repertoire was carefully chosen,
by the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence.

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**24. We carry us silently, the Destinies toward
Death**

Storms of Dreams,
they hit wildly the Cemeteries of Moments,
in which are buried their Hopes,
killed on at the back, by the Vanity,
which, can not be held accountable, never,
on the Realms of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
in which we have incarnated us the Sufferings,
for to be liked by,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
whose Paradise,
is maintained with our Inferno,
the one, of all, the Empty Days
for which the Mugs of Nowhere,
they can no longer be filled,
not even with the bitter gall,
of the cold and indifferent Glances,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
on whose shoulders we carry us silently,
the Destinies toward Death.

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25. Frescoes of Pains

Frescoes of Pains,
signed by the two famous artists,
of the Inferno,
which are the Time and Space,
have covered the peeled walls,
of the maternities of Moments,
where we have begotten the Incarnation,
in the Living Statues of the Absurd,
with the help of which,
our Destinies,
they will play the plays of cynical theater,
written by the Illusions of Life and Death,
on the vast tables of the Vanities,
full with all sorts of goodies,
of the art of Torture,
such as,
Consumption Society in the sauce, of Collapse,
Hierarchy with garnish of Compromises,
Cemeteries of Words spoken to the Loves,
and many more.

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**26. The Crowded Society and Alienated by
Consumption**

The zodiac Signs of wax which melt,
under the heat of end of World,
of the molten Lead,
elapsed from the Clouds of Memories,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which presses us every Tear,
of the Purity of the Absolute Truth,
of the subconscious Stranger,
until they grow up from it,
whole Cemeteries, of, Words,
on which to we drink them, from the Cups of Nowhere,
of the Conscience,
the increasingly chipped,
on, at the corners of the Empty Days,
through which they look at us,
The dark circles of the Eyes of Heaven,
so tired,
of the other Living Statues of the Absurd,
next to which, we form,
the Crowded Society and Alienated by Consumption,
where we lose us the Horizons of Dreams,
through the broken pockets,
of the vain Hopes.

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27. The Art of the Vanity

Death dies once with the Being,
of the Living Statues of our Absurd,
that we will no longer be forced,
to we fill the streets of Destinies,
with all kinds of bizarre positions,
to which, the Time to looks,
satisfied with the Art of the Vanity,
on which we are capable to display it,
passing through the corpses of the Moments,
killed by our crossings,
on the compromised Zebras,
of the Mistakes of Creation.

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28. For the delight of Time

We were incarnate,
in the Living Statues of the Absurd,
guarded by the dirty Showcases of Destinies,
for the Fun,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which find a pleasant and cynical way,
of to spend the free Time,
looking at the positions of our Sufferings,
each more bizarre and cruel,
with its own Self,
for the delight of Time,
which strongly guards us, the Death,
which we carry in Souls,
until we are forced to return it,
to the Non-Sense of the Existence,
once with the loss of Life,
because and our Death dies once with the Being.

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29. On which we know him only once

The Living Statues of the Absurd,
of our incarnation,
are too blind to be able to look,
The Divine Light of the Subconscious Stranger,
who wants to dress them,
in the stars of the Words, from before being, the World,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
for to they remember how we looked like,
somewhere sometime,
before we incarnate,
waiting the moment,
when and the Illusion of Death,
will disappear once with the Being,
only through the Death,
which is the only Absolute Truth,
of this World,
on which we know him only once,
when we die.

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30. On the Zebra of the Vanity toward Death

Since they arrived us,
on the Realms of the Illusions of Life and Death,
the Original Sins,
we became, the actors of a bad taste theater,
knowing that it is here,
for to blame us,
on us,
The Living Statues of the Absurd,
which, we would have liked to know,
what is really Love,
from which come us, the Memories of the Future,
and not just to we account,
in our name,
The Mistakes of the Creation of this World of Nobody,
in, whose Showcases, we were put,
for the copious amusement of the Suffering,
which hugs us warmly,
in every Moment,
which, we cross it,
on the Zebra of the Vanity,
toward Death.

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**31. The Darkness of the Realms of the Illusions of
Life and Death**

Dawns unfettered by, the Night of the Glances,
lost in the Agglomeration of blind Dreams,
which reveal us,
The Darkness of the Realms of the Illusions of Life and
Death,
on which, we,
The Living Statues of the Absurd,
we are forced to build us,
Cathedrals of Sufferings,
for to fulfill our Curse,
which cast us into the pit of the Original Sins,
uttered, somewhere sometime,
by the Mistake of a Creation,
who had become jealous,
on the Stars of the Words who dressed us,
the cloaks of the Souls,
fulfilled through Immortality and Divine Light,
to be able to love.

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32. Through the cheap Fairs of the Vanity

Drowned in the Ocean of the transcendental Thoughts,
of the Mistakes of the Creation,
which, they constantly demand to the Eternity,
to be forgiven,
by the Curses and Pains,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which have incarnated us,
the Souls of Love,
through which we breathe the Immortality,
in the Living Statues of the Absurd,
whose bodies we are obligated to carry them,
through the cheap Fairs of the Vanity,
until,
and Death,
it will die us once with the Being,
becoming again the ones of before us.

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33. They crushed us any Trace

Ice of transcendental Dreams,
of the Days built in Destinies,
they burn us, with the indifferent Cold,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
the bodies, of Living Statues of the Absurd,
for to breathe,
even a fraction of Moment,
the fresh air of Immortality,
from the Memories of the Future,
for to we really learn,
what namely is Pain,
appeared from the lead lattice of the Time,
which, they crushed us, any Trace,
of to be we, the ones before,
of to let,
the Non-Senses of this Existence,
on the shoulders of the Tears of our Words.

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34. The dusty roads of the Falling Stars

Petals of Tears,
snatched of, on the flowers of our Feelings,
by the Living Statues of the Absurd,
are carried by the Winds of the Despair,
toward nowhere,
furrowing the wrinkled cheeks
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
on which, they trickle difficult,
the dusty roads of the Falling Stars,
on which our Destinies have embraced them,
on the crossing of the Zebra between Good and Evil,
toward the Death,
what will die us once with the Being.

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**35. The broken showcases of the Illusions of the
Life and Death**

It's so much gray,
on the lead of our Days,
that, even their Dawn,
they pressed us, the deep Traces,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of Living Statues of the Absurd,
who they will not let, nothing else,
behind us,
than the broken showcases,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in which we have carried us the Suffering,
on the shoulders of the Tears spilled,
by the Loneliness from ourselves,
and to whom we shall prove them,
that we are stronger than them,
precisely, using their weapons,
through the Death,
who will die us once with the Being.

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36. The despicable Showcases

The deaf Prayers,
worshiped to the Icons,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
what have become the despicable Showcases,
which, they make commercials to the Sufferings,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
which are our bodies,
arranged in all possible social positions,
for to attract as many as possible,
Eyes, of, Heaven,
which to spend,
and the ones few Moments left without Clouds,
on the clothes of the Words,
with whom, we were dressed,
for to sell them to them,
to the sums of some entire Horizons,
on which they will no longer be able to comprise them,
Never.

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**37. Offered with cynicism by the Hierarchies of
Vanity**

Remorses, sordid,
trickle chaotically,
over the shriveled walls,
of our Souls,
of Living Statues of the Absurd,
because we accepted somewhere- sometime,
to we taste from the bitter gall,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which then forced us,
to we stand in the positions offered with cynicism,
by the Hierarchies of Vanity,
our entire Passing ,
on the Zebra of the Good and Evil,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which inevitably leads us toward Death,
who will die once with the Being.

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38. Every Star

Each Eternity of Moment,
killed by the Time,
has its own Star,
and every Star,
a Destiny of ours,
on which the Illusions of Life and Death,
throws it off the Vault of the Word of Love,
on which stands hanging
directly into the chasm boundless,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
for to become Falling Stars,
and thus, to incarnate,
in the Being indebted to Death,
with all the body,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
exposed in the Showcase of the Mischance,
by the Vanity.

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39. It rejoices together with Death

God, why did you give us,
only shining Showcases,
in which we,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
to we be dressed,
only in the outfits full of Sarcasm and Despair,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
sewn with the white thread of the Mischance,
after the egocentric fashion,
of the Human Condition,
on the Realm of which,
Man becomes every time,
a bloody beast,
ready anytime, to tear the flesh of the Money,
for to increase the wealth of the Vanity,
in which rejoices together with Death,
what will carry her into arms,
until the end of Life.

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40. The famous Masks with the name of Happiness

Leaves of laurels,
caught in the crowns, of Praises,
placed on the cold and cadaverous foreheads,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
want to attract attention,
through the lost but smiling Glances,
on, the luxury Showcases,
where the Illusions of Life and Death,
they sell their last range,
of, Non-Senses of the Existence,
to any Eternity of Moment,
who accepts as we did and we,
those of before birth,
to sacrifice themselves for the pleasure of wearing,
the famous Masks with the name of Happiness,
about which is said that, would be cut,
after the latest fashion of the Hazard,
without, however, to be remembered,
that they can not live,
in the absence of the Bitter Gall,
of the Society of Consumption of Vanity,
which can be drank,
only from the mugs of nowhere,
of this World of the Nobody.

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41. Without any doubt

The unhappy zodiac signs,
carried by the Living Statues of the Absurd,
through the luxury Showcases,
of the Illusions of Non-Senses of the Existence,
they align with traditions,
of the Consumption Society,
of to always check,
the Exact Time of Sufferings,
which is identified,
with the cynical habits,
of the Time,
killer of Moments,
what, it is wearing its Empty Days,
in front of the Glasses, of horse,
of the Vanity,
for to find out,
which of them, are on the liking,
of the Death,
though she chooses them every time,
on all,
without any doubt.

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42. Would like to show us, at the face

What a cynical hand,
would have had the one who started,
the tap of the Pains of this World,
and who is believed to be and the creator of Love,
wishing to identify with it,
but on which forbids her to us,
although,
would like to show her to us, at the face,
The Subconscious Stranger,
hidden,
in the Statues of the our Living bodies,
of the Absurd,
for to show us,
what really means Love,
about which he is never allowed to speak to us,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
the owners of the greasy and dirty Showcases,
what is called the Society of Consumption,
as many Death as possible.

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43. On the Zebra of Good and Evil toward Death

Wandered,
among the Living Statues of the Absurd,
whose glances I do not notice them,
of Showcases so bright,
of the Sufferings,
that the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Profoundness of Love,
are no longer found,
in the Palms of the Thoughts,
what, would like to comprise them the nakedness of the
Days,
which have become fashionable,
among the Dreams of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
being sold,
at astronomical prices,
of the Vanity,
what hurries us, the crossing,
on the Zebra of Good and Evil,
toward Death.

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44. Not even a single Answer, how insignificant

How many stars, have I peeled,
of, the Meanings of the Destinies,
until, they get here,
the Illusions of Life and Death ?,
to give us to us,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
the Knowledge of Self,
of the Sufferings ?,
on which we are constrained,
we to cross them,
the Zebra of the Good and Evil,
in our way toward, the Death,
what, will die us once with the Being,
wondering us,
for the first and last time,
why all these,
how many were and will longer be?,
without, to give, not even,
a single Answer,
how insignificant,
when, they decided to look,
toward the God,
what, has created the Mistake.

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45. On which they have banished her

When, we will disappear,
from the Showcases of the Illusions of Life and Death,
our place will be taken,
by the cold Sunsets which have bloodied us,
the Genes depressed by Original Sins,
of the Ancestors,
what they will seek us further,
the Memories from the Future,
on which they have not find them,
when,
they met by chance with the Love,
which springs from the liberating Death,
on which they have banished her,
when has asked them to commit suicide,
believing that is the cynical Forehead of the Time,
on whose embers, are burned,
all the Eternities of the Moments,
of this World of Vanities.

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46. The valuable medals

At, the Fair of Living Statues,
it's a big crowd of Absurd,
because are sold for nothing,
Dreams grinded by Loneliness,
only good for to be dressed,
at the late hours,
of the Sunsets of Remorses,
what, they bite deep,
from the rotted meat of the Moments,
which have become so soon,
the valuable medals,
in the hierarchy of the itinerant corpses,
carried by the Destinies,
at the medallions of the Retrievals,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
worn at the necks of the singing swan,
of the Words without house,
what they seem to be of the Nobody.

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**47. We can to look at us in the Mirror of
Immortality**

Brilliant fireworks,
caught in the tangled hair of the Glances,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
deeply rooted in the Asphalt Heart,
full of sentimental pits,
of our Souls,
what they light the wilderness,
of the Walls of Words,
on which they are saying them to us,
the Incidentally Happenings,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
so that we can climb as high as we can,
on the ramparts of the Mistakes of Creation,
where we are expected,
by the Original Sins,
what, they know that we are,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
and which are the only ones,
what, they can reveal to us,

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the true face on which Death has,
when we are,
on the Zebra of the Good and Evil,
for to pass in the World,
where we can to look us,
in the Mirror of Immortality,
from where we left,
somewhere- sometime.

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**48. The shutters were pulled at the showcase of the
Feelings**

The tired windows of the Thoughts,
they put the head of Hopes,
in the calloused palms,
by, the heavy works of the Words,
what they not succeed, not even now,
they to bring to surface,
the gold of Happiness of some Glances,
which, they collapse decomposed,
and exhausted,
on, the floors of the Empty and timeless Days,
by any content of the Desires,
which have no longer shown their face,
since when the shutters were pulled,
at the showcase of the Feelings,
where even and the orphan Gestures,
of the clenched smiles,
of Pain,
seem to be forsaken,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
of our bodies,
carved by the Death,
on the porch of the Illusions of Non-Senses of the
Existence,
for the benefit of the Vanity.

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49. In our bitter prayers

We are born for,
to participate at the dance,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
of this World of the Collective Delirium,
where we all,
we catch us by the hands,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
trying to keep our Balance,
above the Cemeteries of Words,
on which, we say them,
in our bitter prayers,
to, the Mistakes,
and the Creation,
of the Original Sins,
as being the work of a Divinity,
what seems to hide,
of, its own Facts,
through the dark thickets,
from the Cathedrals, of Disorientations,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence.

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50. In the packs of the Indifference

Risen from the wilderness,
of the Tombs of Words,
the Shop of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
has received the name of Maternity,
where can be bought at price of nothing,
Shouts Mute,
as fresh as possible,
only good of to be thrown,
on the conveyor belt of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
for to be packed up,
in the packs of the Indifference,
printed at the highest odds,
by the Rainbow of the Predestination,
which shows us,
how to use,
of the new Loves, counterfeited,
what, resists at Stress,
and can be washed,
with the Dirty Water,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
until they bleach,
thus becoming again clean,
after any use,
of the Original Sins.

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51. Full of Pits of the vain Dreams

Tears of smoke,
raised toward nowhere,
from the burned branches by Words,
they unite the Heavens of the Pride,
with the deep and conceited Wrinkles,
of the tangled Hair,
of the Stars,
lost by the Destinies,
in a Metamorphosis of the Pain,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
what pours the Consciousness,
in the pitch of the black asphalt of the Incarnation,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
full of Pits of the vain Dreams,
what they hinder the Steps trickled,
on the impracticable streets,
of the Love,
to ever go over there.

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**52. The Honey of the Slavery of the Incarnation in
the Word**

Wings of noisy and hysterical bees,
they carry the Honey of the Slavery,
of the Incarnation in the Word,
toward, the Honeycomb of the Consumption Society,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
from which they will receive,
long enough,
Smoke of Dreams,
so that they no longer forsake,
the Hive of the Promises,
until,
and the last vain Hopes of the Swarm,
of Norms and Laws,
they will fall next to the petals of plants,
at the Soles of an Autumn of the Nobody,
from which they will understand that the Meaning of their
Life,
consists in the flight toward Death.

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53. Broken objects

Why the Holy Fathers,
of the Cathedrals devoid of Remorses,
after the tortured Victims,
by the Absurd of the Incarnation,
do not have and they,
Prayers that kindle,
the Candles of Words ?,
which to burn,
until melting,
the Sufferings of the Vanity,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
as a sign of pious remembrance,
of those who have faced,
with the diseases without cure,
or the Pains without end,
of the lost Steps toward Nowhere,
what they should be seen,
as being the true Angels,
with the wings of Destinies, broken,
due to the Mistake of the Creation of God,
and in no way,
some simple Living Statues of the Absurd,

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which once broken,
must be replaced,
otherwise they become a Burden of Divinity,
whose Showcase loses its brilliance,
using defective objects,
which are not quickly replaced,
reason for which,
the Paradise of our Inferno,
he needed as His God,
to creates,
the Original Sins,
which fulfill the role of dustmen,
of the Consumption Society,
raising the fallen ones with the forehead of the Dreams,
in the cold and indifferent Dust,
of the Vanity of this World.

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54. The dark toiling Circles of the Empty Days

Tears of asphalt,
they trickled on the impracticable streets,
of the vain Hopes,
deserted by the Steps of the Nobody,
what, fall into the pits of the Destinies,
where they bogged down,
the dark toiling Circles,
of the Empty Days,
which, they await us,
at the houses of the Vanities,
on whose pillows we need to sit down,
the foreheads full of the sweat of Sufferings,
of this World of the Incarnations,
in Absurd.

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55. To draw us toward Death

Hearts, of, Heaven,
they beat the Eternity,
of your Dream,
Love,
washing us the Star of Immortality,
with the petals of the Dreams of the Eternity,
what are placed,
at the feet of the Happiness,
of an Universe of the Dreams,
on which, we would not want,
to we ever forsake him,
if we had not fallen,
in the Chasm without edges,
of the Incarnation in the Word of the Nobody,
on which the Illusions of Life and Death,
they call him, the Creation,
since when he painted them,
the Zebra of the Good and Evil,
which crosses them the deserted street,
of the Sufferings,
on where,

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even the Eternities, of, Moments,
they avoid to walk,
if they had not been pushed,
of, Time,
to catch us by, the toiling hands,
of the Non-incidentally Happenings,
and to draw us toward Death.

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56. To repair them for us

Wings, of, Heaven,
they touch us with the peaks of the Dreams,
on the tired foreheads of the Cathedrals of Vices,
on which we follow them, depressed,
in the funeral convoys, of, Empty Days,
what, they lead us toward nowhere,
the Cemeteries of Words,
to which they worshiped, for us,
somewhere sometime,
even and,
the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
what, they promised us,
to repair only for us,
Love,
the Mistakes of Creation,
which have proven to be so great,
that, even God,
their creator,
he can no longer be found,
to repair them for us,
no matter how many burning Prayers, we dedicate to him.

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57. In a totally different World

I wait of an Eternity, of, Moment,
the Heart of Heaven,
of your Glances,
Love,
in which to I lose my whole Universe,
of the Loneliness,
played at the dice,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which gave him to me, as being, winner,
although I did not want him,
to see him sitting on the window of the Tears,
of our Memories from the Future,
where we hugged the Star of Immortality,
together,
in a totally different World,
that of the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth.

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58. And we are Living Statues

Choirs of, clenched Smiles,
they have shouted us, mute,
on the deafening alleys, of, so many Silences,
in, Time,
what, we are wandering, through the agglomeration,
full of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
what, they look at us from the Showcases,
freshly washed,
of the Cathedrals of the Original Sins,
wondering us,
why we chose to embrace us,
the Love,
on the streets of the Slaughterhouses of Moments ?,
we answer them,
that, and we are,
Living Statues,
only that, we try to take positions,
as appealing as possible for the Vanities,
who pay us with more Death,
what we know that will save us,
once we have passed,
by the Zebra of the Good and Evil,

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where it will no longer be,
neither Pain, nor Sighing,
but only the Wings of the Angel of Love,
which, he will touch us,
with the immaculate and pure white,
of his Eyes of Heaven,
without end.

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59. Showcases

Deep roots,
of Memories from the Future,
have crushed the Dust of the Incarnation,
and once with her, the Empty Days,
which, in complicity with the Time,
have killed the Eternities of the Moments,
leaving the Freedom of the Absolute Truth,
to fly over,
the Vanities of the shining Showcases,
on which the Mistakes of Creation,
they wrote the name of their own firm,
the one of Paradise of the Inferno,
full with the Living Statues of the Absurd,
on the deserted and cold streets,
of the Nobody.

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60. Uninvited by Nobody

Distances of lead,
oppressive and sordid,
they lie on the peeled walls of the Glances,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
to which the crowds of Dreams have gathered,
to look at,
the bizarre positions of the Thoughts,
what dresses them, the shabby Hopes,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
all, they are dancing,
the waltz of end of World,
of the Darkness,
which sits uninvited by Nobody,
in the arms of their Feelings,
until they fall chaotic,
in a chasm of the Indifference.

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61. On the Zebras of Passing of the Good and Evil

Funeral convoys,
of Living Statues,
painted in the vivid and ostentatious colors,
of the Eternities of Moments killed,
on the Zebras of Passing,
of the Good and Evil,
they go dispirited after the Coffins of Dreams,
finished from the World,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
what, they barely wait to rest,
through the Cemeteries of Words,
spoken by the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the depressed Glances of the Absurd,
from which the Vanity,
she reaps the fruits of the Suffering,
drinking in the cups of nowhere,
of the Hazard.

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62. For to carry them further

Chains of Empty Days,
worn at the necks, of singing swans,
of the Destinies,
they link the Eyes of Heaven of the Dreams,
by the lead handcuffed,
of the Clouds of Words,
what, they begin to shed their Pain,
in torrents of Regrets,
over the bloody cheeks of the Horizons,
embraced by the Illusions of Life and Death,
for to carry them further,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
toward the Horizons, increasingly full,
of the Vanity,
from the Hierarchies of the Consumption Societies,
Death.

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63. On the broad boulevards of the Pain

Bridges of Tears,
of the Dreams of the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
they trickle,
over the dirty Waters,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
trying to decant them,
with their purity and depth,
for to wash the Glances, of lead,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
what they wander,
on the broad boulevards of the Pain,
without ever knowing,
where do they go,
for, as and these,
to see new Horizons,
which can be loaded with Happiness,
even if are supported,
by the wrinkled forehead of a Time,
of the Moments killed,
on the Zebras of the Good and Evil,
on which we have passed us,
the Non-Senses of the Existence,
toward Death.

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64. We flow slowly

We flow slowly,
among the fingers of the Clouds,
for that to we fall transformed,
in the blessed rain,
of the Love,
which infiltrates without her will,
in the cold and impersonal Dust of the Incarnation,
in which it is lost,
feeding the deep roots of Suffering,
planted by the Illusions of Life and Death,
who know, that later,
we will flow,
among the fingers of the Words,
becoming,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
what, they run toward Nowhere,
among the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which, they will embrace us,
the dusty Showcases of the Glances.

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**65. They sweat on the cheeks full of dampness of
the Responses**

The late rains of Questions,
of the Human Condition,
they sweat on the cheeks full of dampness,
of the Responses,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
what, they want us to remain, in continuation,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
which to fill,
with the clenched Smiles,
of the Glances of lead,
the deserted streets of the Words,
by adopting increasingly bizarre positions,
of the Suffering,
on which we will take it all over the World,
for to prove, to the Mistakes of Creation,
that we do not go naked,
as are for us the Empty Days,
offered by Destiny,
through the flea markets,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence.

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66. Binds us with the shoelaces of the Pain

Dawn of flint,
they hit the Walls of the Glances,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
lightning them, the Consciousness,
with the Thoughts that have come,
from the remoteness of the Universe,
of the subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
which, they urge us,
how to we walk on the Zebra of the Passings,
between Good and Evil,
that binds us with the shoelaces of the Pain,
the Non-Senses of the Existence,
lest we lose them,
on the dusty road,
of the falling Stars of the Destinies,
what, are heading firmly,
toward the Cemeteries of Words,
where it awaits us,
The Death.

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67. The key to all Paradoxes

The Tears of the crucified Dreams,
on the leaden Sky, of the Despair,
are so thirsty,
for the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
that they request us,
one drop of Happiness,
to each of us,
believing that this,
could be squeezed,
from the Mistakes of Creation,
of a God,
creator of Living Statues of the Absurd,
forced to stand on their knees,
in front the Icons of Vanity,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
the only ones able to decide,
how lengthy it can be,
the Zebra of the Passings of the Good - Evil,
toward the liberating Death,
of, her own Self,
what, is the key to all Paradoxes,
of this World.

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68. The insistent advertising

Every Thought designs us,
own Heaven of Being,
on which they float,
the Wings of Guardian Angels,
incarnate in Dreams,
become messengers,
of the subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
of, which, we,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
we are increasingly distant,
through a schedule,
prolonged as long as possible,
through the dirty Showcases,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
where we have to do,
the insistent advertising of the Vanity,
which must be sold,
to as many desperate Glances,
on the streets of the wilderness of Words,
of our Incarnation in the dust,
of the Nobody.

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**69. The Hair tangled by the Destiny of the
Moments injured**

Threatening walls, of, Passions,
they guard,
the Hair tangled by the Destiny,
of the Moments injured,
on the Zebra of the Passings of the Good and Evil,
toward Death,
what were played by Time,
at the dice of the Hazard,
of the Positions,
on which to we take them,
through the Fairs of the Nobody,
all, we,
these Living Statues of the Absurd,
on the streets of the Vanity of the Dreams,
which are lost,
in the wilderness of the Empty Days,
what, they barely carry,
the decomposed Glances,
on the trays of Sufferings.

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70. The deaf cry of the Pains of Birth of the Vanity

At the Maternity,
of the peeled walls of the Souls,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
No one has to teach us,
the deaf cry of the Pains of Birth,
of the Vanity,
because it enters into the Conservation Instinct,
of the Sufferings,
which must be forged,
for to be attributed to Happiness,
so often mimed,
through the opaque Showcases,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
by the Zebras of the Good and Evil,
what they hit with their hooves,
the lost Glances,
of our clenched smiles,
with the hand on the liberating Death,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence.

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71. In the gnawed Knees of the Mercy

The Icons of the Vanities,
they shelter between the frames,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
of some Holy Fathers,
whose social positions,
must be maintained,
only in the gnawed Knees of the Mercy,
which gather sufficient funds,
for the Cathedrals of the Illusions of Life and Death,
where the solemn choirs of Sufferings,
sing the swan songs of the Happiness,
accompanied by the serious voice,
of a Religion,
of the Mistakes of Creation,
in which we are forced to believe.

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72. Deeply indebted

The Smoke of the Dreams,
it rises among the fingers of the Words,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
from the Showcases, without names,
of the Vanity,
from where they dress,
our Destinies,
deeply indebted,
to the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
with all our injured Moments,
on the Zebra of the Good and Evil,
which passes us,
toward the liberating Death,
of Illusions,
of the entire vocabulary,
of the Suffering.

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**73. We dress the fashionable Sufferings of the
World**

The zodiac Signs of the Empty and counterfeit Days,
are forced to lose their Consciences,
together with us,
those who we are,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
what, we dress the fashionable Sufferings of the World
for to be sold to Religions,
crazy after the luxurious Cathedrals of the Hierarchies,
stage, of, which, we will not be able ever to pass,
whereas the Illusions of the Life and Death,
they expressly ask them,
to we remain so,
to the Sunrises of lead,
of the Clouds of storm,
from the decomposed bodies,
of the Words,
on which they are uttering them for us,
the lonely Glances,
through the agglomeration of the Question Marks,
of the mugs of nowhere,
from which we drink the Bitter Gall,
of the Destiny.

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**74. Has incarnated us in the Dust of Lead of the
Despair**

It snows with Perfection,
over the forehead of the Memories of the Future,
of the subconscious Stranger,
of the Love,
lost in the Blood of the Sunsets,
it trickled through the veins of the Feelings,
on which we sail,
we are looking for the shore of the Dreams,
from which we slipped,
in the cold and ruthless waves,
of the Showcases of the Illusions of Life,
where we have become,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
of a World,
which has incarnated us,
in the Dust of Lead,
of the Despair,
of the Wings broken by Guardian Angels.

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75. On the Coffins of Hopes

I never asked,
the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
why us,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
we have to choose,
the awkward positions of the Shadows,
in the showcases of the Tombs of Dreams,
on the Coffins of whose Hopes,
we put,
the spread fingers of the Words,
wanting to we open them,
but without we ever succeeding,
we being, increasingly weakened,
by the weight of Death,
on which we are obliged,
to we carry her on the shoulders,
of the Tears of our Sufferings.

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76. They lie crushed

Roots of longing,
thrust in the profoundness of the Tears,
of the subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Nobody,
they lie crushed,
among the graves of Thoughts,
what they tried to face,
the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
with the palms of the Empty Days,
of the decomposed Blood,
of the Genes received from the Ancestors,
what they drew for us,
the Zebras of the Good and Evil,
as close as possible,
by the liberating Death,
precisely, by, the Original Sins,
of a God,
of the Nobody.

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77. I am now

Lord, open, for me,
the window of the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
to I be able to communicate,
with the Star of Immortality,
of the Love,
which I have lost at the Incarnation,
in the Lead of the Vanity of this World,
of the Nobody,
for which the Living Statue of the Absurd,
which, I am now,
must sacrifice itself,
so the Non-Senses of the Existence,
they to can thrive,
with new Sufferings,
which they will gather in the accounts,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
what they want to buy the whole Universe,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
of the Creation,
of the mugs of nowhere,
from which to we drink,
the Bitter Gall,
of the Destiny.

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